

The Atlanta Daily Constitution

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 23, 1879.

VOL. XV—NO. 15.

Piedmont Sunday School Institute.

Delegates from several schools in the bounds of the Piedmont Association met with the Liberty Church on Friday before the first Sunday in this month, for the purpose of organizing a Sunday School Institute. The introductory sermon was delivered by Rev. D. Weston Hiett; text—Nehemiah 4:6—"So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof: for the people had a mind to work." The discourse was practical, interesting and well adapted to the occasion.

In the afternoon the above Institute was organized by electing the following named officers: President, Rev. D. Weston Hiett; Vice President, S. A. Gary; Secretary and Treasurer, L. Mandin.

On Saturday, at 10 a. m., we had a Sabbath School address from Mr. S. A. Gary, which was delivered in a very forcible and edifying manner, deeply impressing the audience with the great work of advancing the Master's cause in the way of Sunday Schools. By request, Rev. D. Weston Hiett explained the work of the Institute, which was done with good effect. In the afternoon we had a lesson in music, ably conducted by Mr. A. A. Simmons.

On Sunday morning, at 9 a. m., we held a Sunday School mass meeting.

Addresses were made by Rev. W. H. Kay, Mr. S. A. Gary and Rev. D. Weston Hiett. The speeches were good and well worth listening to. We then assembled at the water, where the pastor (D. Weston Hiett) led two young ladies into the water, and they were baptized with Christ by baptism. The missionary sermon, which was an excellent discourse, was preached by Rev. F. R. McLaughlin. We then adjourned to meet with the Beaverton Church, Anderson County, S. C., Friday before the third Sunday in May next.

D. W. Hiett, President.

L. Mandin, Secretary.

Fair Play Lodge, I. O. of G. T.

ME. EDITOR: This Lodge has been

numbered with the things of the past, or

in other words, like most similar societies,

it has died a natural death. It was

organized with eighteen or twenty members,

and out of this number, strange to say,

there were only two church members;

but, however, the Lodge went to work,

and fought bravely for eight or ten months,

sinking the old church members in the neighborhood to join us and thus

swell our ranks, in order that we might

better contend against the great army of intolerance, which has so

many men, eyes and women, too, in its

ranks, and which is daily growing larger

and larger. Let all this be as it may, I

contend that the members of the Lodge

ought to have worked the harder. There

was no reason why it should die in the

manner it did. But, alas! some of the

members became disheartened, and,

consequently, became irregular in their

attendance, and the rest of the members

soon found that they were too weak to

accomplish any good, or rather they too

soon gave up the good work in which

they were engaged. Before they gave

up, feeling their weakness, and, being

desirous of awakening a new interest in

the community in behalf of their Lodge,

they called on the members of the church,

especially those living in and around

Fair Play, to join the Lodge, but all in

vain. They merely evinced carelessness,

or rather indifference, to the cause, when

we thought that they should have rendered

all the aid they could in behalf of

our Lodge. When called on to join,

some of them remarked that they had

been waiting to see whether the Lodge

would continue to hold up or not. This

was all the encouragement that we, a few

worldly persons, received from them,

when we were doing our best to improve

the morals of our town and vicinity. Do

you suppose that if the people of a neighborhood

were to see a fire, driven by a

howling wind, approaching their fencing,

that they would stand back and say that

we will wait to see whether the fire will

reach the fencing or not? No! you

would see no waiting, but the mind of

every one would be bent upon quenching

the flames before any damage could be

done them. There would soon be quite

an army of persons arrayed to contend

against the flames, and they would fight

in earnest, too. Then is it not of much

more importance to contend against the

great flame of intolerance which is

sweeping over our land and destroying so

many persons, both morally and socially;

that flame that is wrecking the happiness

and fortunes of so many of our fellow-

beings. It is a plain fact, which does

not require double glasses to behold. It

requires no deductive or inductive system

of reasoning to get at the truth of the

matter. We have the evils caused by in-

temperance daily before our eyes, and

why will people not unite in its suppres-

sion? Has it taken such a hold upon

our people at large, that it is too strong

to be overcome? I answer, emphati-

cally, no! All that we need is unity of

action and perseverance. We must cast

aside our indifference and supply its

place with energy. We must determine

to win, and we can win. Will we allow

our fellow-beings to throw themselves

away without a struggle on our part to

save them? Will we allow them to give

themselves up to the demon, Intemper-

ance, that destroys so many, robs so

many, blights so many hopes, and wrecks

so many brains, making persons totally

unfit for society or earth, or to enter the

kingdom of Heaven? Let every man

stand bravely to his post, and we can

prevent these direful effects—if not in

whole, we can in part.

P.

Winnboro' News: Col. Rion, at the re-

quest of Gen. Le Duc, United States

Commissioner of Agriculture, has recent-

ly sent to the Department of Agriculture

two specimens of oak wood from his

own tree. The bark sent is one inch

thick. The Colonel's tree is said to be

the largest in this country.

THE SIBERIAN MINES.

Why Nihilism is So Widespread in Russia.

Letter from Germany.

If a person of sane mind were to inform you of his or her intention to spend a vacation in Siberia, you would undoubtedly smile audibly, and opine that the party making so audacious an assertion would be a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. Still, I am bound to confess that I have just returned from a trip to that Arctic region; where I made quite a stay, in company with my friend, Count Lomax, the eminent political economist, and a student of political philosophy, than whom there is none more thorough and more searching. We have been through the land of the Nihilists; and, however earnest we might have been in our desire to discover important information, our efforts would have been in vain had not an influential American at St. Petersburg, whose name I have promised not to mention, given us such letters of introduction that all portals were opened wide to us, and we saw and heard what

ONLY A PRIVILEGED FEW have seen and heard for a good many years. It is easily understood that the circumstances of the present day, is not very liberal in granting extended privileges to newspaper men; and, had I traveled in that capacity, I might have been denied access to the sources from which I have drawn the information about a good many things in Russia. The large cities, however, are not the places for the accumulation of knowledge such as we desired to get; and, after idling a few days at Moscow, St. Petersburg and its villages, we started for the Siberian mine.

Until we came to Tobolsk, there was still some civilization about and around us. But after that, we received a foretaste of the horrors we were about to witness. For days we dragged along in a miserable carriage, without meeting any one or anybody, except the lonely Government post, with their stupid "Cossack" Russian, the Cossack. At last we saw in the distance a towering mountain, and within its cleft side a colossal opening, similar to the pit of a volcano. From within

FOUL AIR AND DISAGREEABLE SMELLS assailed our nostrils, and for some time we had to draw our breath hard. With our pocket-handkerchiefs crammed into our mouths, we entered the gigantic mouth of the rock. From the dark, dirty water dripped down in large drops, forming a little rivulet, which gathered in a pool outside the entrance. Toward the east and the north the territory rose as high as 4,000 feet above the sea. A chain, several miles in length of snow-capped glaciers gave to the mine the character of an unapproachable fortress. To the left of the entrance an enormous guard-house was built, occupied by a number of Cossacks. The establishment was about as filthy as any habitation for human beings could be. The furniture consisted of a few rough benches and a large table. In front of its door a double file of muskets were stacked, between which a bearded Cossack marched up and down. We showed our letters to the young officer of the day, who regarded us with wondering, searching eyes. He seemed at a loss to understand the granting of a privilege so seldom sought and so rarely granted. A guide was given us, and we passed a long, narrow and dark corridor, which, to judge from the inclination of the floor, led into the depth. The ground was so slippery and so wet that we were in danger of falling more than once.

PESTILENTIAL MIASMA

filled the air; and, in spite of a good fur cloak—the gift of a friend in Moscow—I actually shrank with the cold. The darkness was so intense that neither of us could see the other.

We had gone on perhaps ten minutes when we perceived, far in the distance, the trembling, uncertain glimmer of a light; and I felt sure that we were approaching the mine proper. The ground became softer and more almy, and cold more penetrating. At every step we sank into the marmos for several inches, and there was a smell of putrefaction, as in a charnel-house.

"We are in front of the mine," said our guide, pointing to a high iron railing which surrounded a long cave—its massive rails, through the crevice of which hardly a ray might have squeezed itself, being covered with rust. The locks were fastened with chains, and the guides were so heavy, a guard made up of appearance, and upon the word of our guide he opened the lock—but only with a great deal of strength was he enabled so far to turn the railing upon its hinges that we could pass through into the interior.

We stepped into a room which, although it was large enough otherwise, hardly permitted a full grown man to stand upright, and was lighted only by a poor oil lamp, which left all surrounding things in darkness.

"Where are we?" I asked the guide.

"In the dormitory of the prisoners," he answered. "Formerly this was a very yielding loam; now we have made it into a sleeping-room." We shuddered. This subterranean cave, into which neither sun nor moon could ever send a ray of light, was called an apartment; and in the dormitory, the air of which was pregnant with fearful miasma, the unfortunate banished here by the unphilosophical law of despotism were compelled to rest, after the day's work, upon a poor bed of straw! Into the dripping walls of the rock alcove-like cells had been hollowed out, and the entire room gave the impression of an enormous tomb and a hell.

Cell harbors five prisoners during the night; and above each of the single cots a strong iron bar was fastened, to which the unhappy mortals were locked and chained like so many dogs. No door, no window, no chair, no table, no shelf; everything was made of iron, and rusted iron! The straw which served as a bed for the delinquents was

WET AND HALF ROTTEN;

it looked and felt like a mass of dung. A little bag filled with straw served as a pillow; a wet sheet, made of bag-linen, as a coverlet. No bench—no utensils of any kind. In one corner a lamp faintly glimmered, in honor of the Madonna, whose image was fastened above it in an old frame.

An insupportable dread overcame me in gazing upon this picture of terrible desolation and misery; and I drew a long breath of relief when we passed out of the "dormitory," and into another corridor, dark as the first one, but less slippery. Everything was as quiet as a graveyard until we reached an enormous cave, in the centre of which stood a round table and three benches. Several torches, fastened to iron rings in the wall, served to lighten the hall, in the ceiling of which I saw a window almost covered with iron bars, through which a faint ray of daylight endeavored to penetrate, and this, mingled with the torchlight, produced an effect at once dismal and gloomy beyond description. This was the mine proper, and here an infernal noise was heard, caused by the pickaxe and hammers with which the exiles were

working the iron ore. Before us we saw several hundred ragged creatures, with terribly rough, long beards, faces pale as death, or of a sickly yellow, with red-rimmed eyes, dragging heavy chains, rattling them at every motion.

THE PRISONERS.

Not one looked healthy, and not one spoke, or sang, or whistled; they all worked in silence, looking askance at us, and rattling against their chains, which had been put upon them in the name of justice. Many of them were barefoot; a few wore the remnants of shoes upon their feet. The rags which covered them were completely saturated with the dripping water, so that they could not give the shivering bodies one atom of warmth. Upon their heads I saw long icicles; and I sometimes watched one or the other blow into his chilled hands or shake convulsively in the icy-cold air. I shall never forget the dreadful scene; and, in contemplating it, we would imagine that the mountain spirits were busy here at their hidden work; but the clanking of the chains, the groaning of the prisoners, and the rough cries of the task-masters soon recalled the dreadful reality. The hammering and digging never ceased. If an exile, or a prisoner, or a task-master, or a guard, or a overseer, or a put him to work again; and there was a feverish, uneasy activity. One of the prisoners—a slight, fine figure, with a face the profile of which showed extraordinary beauty—excited our particular attention. With visible exertion he swung his pickaxe, and his breath came puffing from his chest, but he could not loosen the stone, and sometimes his arms fell despairingly to his side.

We approached him. "Why are you here?" I asked. He looked up shyly, almost frightened, and continued his work.

The prisoners are forbidden to speak about the cause of their exile," the inspector informed us.

"Who is the prisoner?" I asked our guide.

"No. 114," he answered, laconically.

"So I see," I replied; "but I mean his name, his crime, his history."

"It is Count de Perceval," he replied.

"A well known conspirator. I am sorry not to be able to tell you more about No. 114."

The foul air almost suffocated me. I beckoned to the guide and to my friend. He and I hastily crossed the iron corridors and ascended to the top again, where the chief commander saluted us.

"Well," he asked, "what impression has our institution made upon you?"

We bowed in silence.

He smiled slightly, and remarked ironically: "Our boys below work diligently, do they not?"

"Indeed they do," answered my friend; "but with what feeling of relief the unhappy ones must greet their Sunday, when they can take a rest."

"He said, wondering, "they have none."

"THEY MUST WORK ALWAYS!"

"Most certainly! They are condemned to work everlasting. He who once enters the mine never leaves it again!"

"But this is barbaric!" I could not refrain from saying.

He shrugged his shoulders. "The exiles," he replied, "work twelve hours daily, and on Sundays, too. They are never permitted to rest. Oh! but yesterday during the year; at Easter, and on the birthday of our glorious Emperor!"

And he removed his hat, as though he had spoken the name of the Lord.

"We brought again and hastened to go back to Tobolsk. My friend and I were both very silent until we got out of Russia. But hereafter we shall not be so very much shocked and surprised when we read of the terrible spread of that political fanaticism which is called Nihilism in the great Empire of the European East."

DENNIS KEARNEY RISES TO EXPLAIN ABOUT HIS CALL ON GRANT.—The San Francisco Post, in a recent issue, says: Dennis Kearney, as usual, was the principal speaker at the sand lot yesterday. The only thing of interest in his speech was the explanation of his "call" upon Gen. Grant, of which he said: "All of you who are here to-day are here to-day because of the arrival in our city of Gen. Grant. He came here one day ago yesterday, and was received with great honors. Looking upon him as a representative citizen, who has had unusual opportunities for observation in foreign countries, and particularly in China, I considered it my duty as a citizen to inform him of the devotion of the people of this city to the cause of temperance in behalf of the workmen to our home; to invite him to the sand lot, and to visit our mayor elect, Dr. Kallach, who is unable to pay his respects to this distinguished citizen. Therefore, on Thursday morning, bright and early, after having spent the only twenty-five minutes of his life in this city, he came here, and was received with great honors. I shaved and having my shoes blacked, went to the Palace Hotel, wrote my name on a card, and asked the clerk to send it up to Gen. Grant. He did so, and after the lapse of a few moments the waiter returned, saying: 'General Grant was not up. I asked the waiter to send it up to Gen. Grant, and he replied that he had left it to the General's table, and that Mr. Grant had informed him that the General was not up, whereupon I thanked him and left, and returned in his failing for the clerk told me that he was out. Yesterday morning, at one o'clock I renewed my visit, sent up my card, and was informed by the waiter that the General had left to visit the Mint. I waited his return, and called again, upon sending up my name, I was told by the waiter that the General had left to visit the Mint, and that Gen. Grant wished to be excused from seeing me. I thanked him and left, considering that I had done my duty. During the week, when my intention of visiting Gen. Grant became known, I should be introduced by some of the persons by whom he has been surrounded since his arrival in this city. Not being desirous of associating or being identified with this class of persons, many of whom I expect to see in the striped garments of convicts before another year rolls round, I went away, with the result which I have stated. I have no comments whatever to make upon the facts, but the workmen of this country must draw their own conclusions from them.

Next to the love of her husband,

nothing so coveted by a woman's life as honor as this second love, the devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the poor and weary wife. But the big boy who is a lover of his mother at a middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in the serene leaf autumn as he did in the daisied spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy for his mother.

Every moral system which cannot give to man a new heart will be and must be a failure.

WHALES FIGHTING AT SEA.

An Old Whaler Explains Why a Merchant Vessel May Run Into Anything.

To the Editor of the New York Sun.—Sir:

On board of all merchant vessels (as the bark Columbia) there is no lookout kept, either from the vessel's deck or mast-head, and if any strange object is seen on the ocean by any of the crew of a merchantman, it is more by accident than design. That is the reason so many shipwrecks have fallen victims to the misadventure of passing near and not coming to the rescue.

Merchant vessels take as few men as possible to manage them from port to port, for the purpose of reducing expenses. There are no extra men provided against cases of sickness or death. If a man is off duty the others of his "watch" on deck are obliged to perform his part of the work, as every one knows, it is the rule of the sea for the vessel's safety to always have one-half of its crew on deck when she is upon the mighty deep. But you can easily comprehend that if the crew of a merchantman is small in proportion to her tonnage, one-half of her crew has constant employment on the deck, and the day in and fair weather to keep the vessel clean and in sailing condition. The rigging of a vessel is worse than the rigging of a woman. You get a woman well rigged and she will keep herself so for a while; but the rigging of a vessel is always out of order. Of course I am referring to "sailing" vessels only.

I have merely stated these facts to show you that the watches on deck during the day have all their time and attention taken up "in board," in keeping the vessel in order, and that they rarely cast their eyes "sea board" without they expect something to happen, and their breath comes puffing from their chest, but he could not loosen the stone, and sometimes his arms fell despairingly to his side.

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AN OLD WHALER.

The Democratic national committee will hold its meeting to arrange for the opening of the presidential campaign, in Boston, on the 23d of February next, the 23d, their customary time of meeting, falling on Sunday.

In a recent speech at Austin, Texas, Senator Macey advised that the actions and utterances of the Southern people should be regulated so as not to furnish Republicans with grounds for conducting a sectional campaign.

Hon. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, has declared his purpose to stump North Carolina next year in the interest of the National Democratic ticket.

AN ALABAMA WOMAN has originated a novel industry which may prove to be an important and interesting one. She strips the down off the feathers of turkey and other fowls from their quills and weaves it into a thick soft cloth, which can be dyed any desired color, and out of which most beautiful and comfortable cloaks, sacques, etc., can be made. His inability to buy her skin saque led her to make the experiment.

Ball-Fighting in Mexico.

MATAMOROS, August 4.

I have just witnessed a bull fight in this city—a singular scene within a mile of two of the United States boundary line.